

BINGANG

Volume I, No. 3

1937

June-July-August



See "DOUBLE OR NOTHING"

In
Memoriam

Jean Harlow

THE CLUB CROSBY

NORTH VASSALBORO, MAINE

Dues: 50 cents, U. S. A.; 75 cents, Foreign

MEMBER OF FAN CLUB FEDERATION

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HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT	LARRY CROSBY
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Club Mascots	Gary, Philip, and Dennis Crosby

AND HERE'S THE PITCH!

FIRST-SACKER CROSBY:

Dear Cel:—I can't tell you how much I appreciate the nice pipes and birthday cards from you and the members. It is certainly gratifying to know I have so many well-wishers.

The April-May issue of *Bingang* is really great and I am very much pleased to be Honorary President of such a fine publication and organization.

Best to all—

BING.

From another letter:—Hope to finish "Double Or Nothing" soon and then to Del Mar for the opening of the new track.

Best wishes to the Gang—

BING.

SECOND-BASEMAN LARRY:

The latest issues of *Bingang* were received and enjoyed by all. We see much improvement in form and really have no suggestions for further improvement.

SHORT-STOP BOB: (Crosby).

I received your fan magazine *Bingang* today and may I add my congratulations to the rest of the Crosbys on page one? Having read every bit of it at least once and some two or three times, I am still marvelling at the excellence of the material, the interesting stories, letters, and articles, which all add up to the most polished fan publication this Crosby has ever read.

As you know, we have been at the Congress Hotel these last two months and, for a bunch of kids, have been doing right well. Beginning about the middle of June, we expect to be in Atlantic City for a couple of months.

(And now all you Bob Crosby fans know what has been happening to Crosby, Junior, all these months.)

THE TRAILER

DEAR PROFESSIONAL MINDS:

And here we are navigating across the fields of time with shouts and melody for there's nothing like the "good old summertime". If there is you name it!

Due to social and athletic strenuositities these glorious days some of our members (including myself) are spilling less ink and pushing less keys, but we promise that as soon as it's out of our systems you'll be seeing us around *again and often!*

Our eminent vice-president and your sporadic editor thank you every one again and again for your many letters of encouragement and praise regarding things Crosby, Joseph and Hofstetter. If we've succeeded in removing a few bumps and ruts from the hectic road of existence, and have replaced them with mirth and merriment, then believe us when we say we're just as happy about it as you are.

Hellos and Heighos to all our new members from lands foreign and highlands native. It's great having you all *with* us one hundred per cent and to hear you rooting for Bing as faithfully *now* as from the beginning. That's the kind of loyalty Bing deserves and always gets. A very fine reflection on your swell characters, m'friends.

There are a multitude of things to be said but will leave them for another time. One thing more, however; a warm welcome into the Gang to all our Canadian members, of whom Peter Bloommestyn was president. They're a grand bunch, kids, so won't you fondly kick 'em around a bit and get acquainted?

And *another* thing more; with everyone writing letters of the "stationhouse" and "tempo-de-round-haircut" variety your lagging "savant" goes around speaking a language so difficult to comprehend that her friends are accusing her of being loony in the attic. And we can blame it all on Bing!

That's all for now. We'll let our V. P. "carry on" from here. And you all know how that "Muddlin" can carry ON! Good luck till next time and you can be faithful to Bing by tuning in on Robin Burns and his recruits on the usual Thursday nights.

Yours for less lags,
INSURGENT JOSEPH.

ADOLPHE IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH

Adolphe, wipe that dumb look from your pan and give it to me—no, not your pan; not the dumb look, but that piece of cake wrapping with the scribbling on it. Oh, it's from Cel—she's eating again, and can't make the deadline. Okay, *I'll* make it, and it'll be so dead, it'll automatically bury itself.

Adolphe, take a letter to Larry Crosby and don't say a thing about that darned frog contest his brother Bing had with Robin Burns. "Dear Larry: The best conjugation of any word denoting swellegant comes to you with our deepest bow." Sign that, General Assembly. Take also, a pink and blue note to Marie Wilson, our newest honey. "Dear Baby, Very suddenly, you defy description—you're a Lulu." Sign that also General Assembly.

With my headquarters in a city much beset with strikes and stuff, I'm inclined to form the Sigh-oh-me instead of the C. I. O., and giving sole bargaining right to The Boss, Mrs. Boss, Nelson Eddy, Basil Rathbone, Craig Reynolds, Marie Wilson, Boss, Jr., Loretto Schultz, and at least a hundred more. Don't simper, Adolphe.

Mischa Auer, you're a difficult one to snare for these pages. Go for him, Adolphe, and don't speak to anyone at strange keyholes.

A large bouquet of plaudits to Jimmie Stewart for "Chico", and every hope that he'll soon be back in Hollywood, feeling much better.

To Nelson, a row of sheepdogs, all wagging their tails (?) for "Maytime" and the "new" Nelson therein. It's not Nelson's fault that he's "new"; it's just one of those nice things.

To Basil, any kind of dog; another row of 'em—tailless or tailed—for being so terrifically moving and magnificent in "those" roles, even when he's longing for, and deserving of, the most anti-heavy roles in Hollywood—i. e., Rhett Butler, etc. Praise be that he's landed a non-squirmy role at last in "Make a Wish". To quote himself—"I'm everybody's friend . . . I'm running out of evil things to do and say".

To Craig and Marie, more dogs (I'd rather give them away than flowers; they last longer) for being such friendly people, and two of the best looking (pardon my long gray beard) youngsters in Movie Town.

Yes, Adolphe, allow a lady her dreams. And go out into the kitchen soon, and tell that Joseph girl not to eat all of the chawclit cake. She will though; wait and see. Even while I'm suggesting a guillotine for that one magazine editor who never gives Bing a break in his otherwise excellent and splendid magazine. Go, Adolphe, before your name becomes Adolfasco!

MAUD-LYNNE.

DEAR BASIL RATHBONE:

Unaccustomed as I am to bragging in public places, I am going to do that just now. It's because I've been lucky where you're concerned, right from the start.

The start began when one of our High School English classes was taken (practically dragged) to see you and Kit Cornell in "Romeo and Juliet". We had been tediously coached as to the high points of interest in the play beforehand, so all we had to do was to watch the acting.

Was I so entranced by your performance that I completely forgot the fascinating boy to my left? *I was not!* But with my everlasting habit of hoarding, I saved the theatre program, and somewhat later in my life (this isn't supposed to cover eras, so don't frown) when I saw the play again, you were second acquaintance, and glad-to-meet-you-ish.

Thus it was when I first became aware of you through the medium of the motion picture. Thus it was, for several swell, bona-fide Rathbone performances. While I was fan-lettering the Boss and Nelson Eddy, I was perishing to write you, too—except that I wondered how you'd feel about fan mail.

I have found out. You're absolutely elegant! A star who doesn't belittle fans; who actually trusts them to be human. In other words, you rank equally with The Boss and with Nelson Eddy—which is somethin'! And which is why I'm bragging in public.

More Power to You . . .
LYNNE.

THIS MONTH'S SPOT INTERVIEW

BASIL RATHBONE

1. How much variance do you find at present between what the movies are doing and what they could do?

They could be, and are on a very few limited occasions, an art—but for the most part, they are still the moving picture *industry!*

2. Do you think that the film industry will ever completely utilize those capabilities and possibilities?

This must ever be governed to a great extent by audience demand—pictures cost a great deal of money to make, and your likes and dislikes must eventually decide their quality.

3. Do you consider the figurative "three cent stamp" as giving a fan the right to become your critic?

Everyone who pays to see an actor's performances has a right to his or her opinions. You cannot, however, criticize without some knowledge.

4. Relative to No. 3, is the public a better judge of what they want from motion pictures than the producers?

Yes, yes, yes, a thousands times, yes!

Is a star qualified to choose his own roles?

Sometimes.

5. If you could make one permanent alteration in the present publicity methods employed by Hollywood, what would it be?

Give more printed space to the serious discussion of acting performances and less to that of overnight personalities.

6. Undoubtedly you know that some of us outside of Hollywood have rather wild ideas of it . . . which fable angers you the most?

That my profession is less moral than any other.

Scoop! Scoop!

LETTER TO PETER FROM BING

(Handwritten)

DEAR PETER AND CLUB MEMBERS:

I'm profoundly grateful for your continued interest. No one appreciates more than I the far reaching effect of your consistent boosting, and I hope I shall always prove meritorious. "Double Or Nothing", which starts next month is going to be a great picture, I believe. The story is something similar to a Paramount Picture of some years ago called "If I Had A Million", which you may recall. We have a great cast, three swell songs and I don't see how it can miss—see you soon.

(Aside to Bing: Mr. Crosby, if we, the members of the Club Crogny, don't hurry up and get a handwritten letter from you, too, there's gonna be a state of war existing between us. This is the final warning! So hop to it!)

PETER BLOMMESTYN PENS HIS OLD MEMBERS A FEW LINES

DEAR MEMBERS:

Since the combining of our club with the one of Cel Joseph, this is the first real chance I have had to have a little chat with you.

Of course you all know that we had to do something with the club, and I have done what I thought best. One has to go a long way before he finds a club like this (gracias, Pedro) and with such an energetic person for a president.

I hope that all of you have written Cel for it helps her a great deal to know you. She is a grand person and you will find her letters more than interesting. (Pedro, you overwhelm me—you are too kind, Señor).

I received a very nice letter from Bing thanking us for the birthday present we sent him. He also sent me a nice letter saying he was sorry that our club

had to go, but he feels sure that our affiliation with this club will prove very satisfactory. He also thanked me for my work with the club and all the interest we've manifested in him from the start.

Now that the club is no longer I can fully understand what it meant to me. It has meant the finding of some very swell people, and I hope you keep dropping me a line once in a while. There is nothing that I know of right now that I miss more than the club, the letters from you members and the getting out of the club paper. That was a lot of fun, even though it was also a lot of work.

Keep on plugging for Bing, and make yourselves assets to the club. Write to Bing and ask him for a new photograph under The Club Crosby banner. That's a good start.

And in closing may I say let's pull for the Prince of men, Bing Crosby. So from now on it is one and all for The Club Crosby and Bing.

FOR BINGANG MAGAZINE

EDITH RYAN

Genevieve Tobin, brilliant star of stage and screen, who is a loyal Bing Crosby fan and has just been chosen a member of the Fan Club Federation as Honorary Second Vice-President, says that daily she salutes the charming four sheet decorating the wall of the Paramount studios of "Waikiki Wedding" starring Bing. "It is such a joyful Bing, so festive with his garlands of leis, that it makes me long to go to Honolulu, but the next best thing is the pleasure I've had in this splendid picture", says Genevieve.

Genevieve herself has been busy in "The Great Gambini", a murder mystery comedy drama for Schulberg-Paramount and that explains why she daily bows low to Bing in the colorful four sheet of "Waikiki Wedding" as she drives by daily as she parks her big imported car before entering the Schulberg studios.

Genevieve is making her first picture in Hollywood after several months as she has been in England where she did some pictures and met old friends. For she went to school in Paris and keeps up old friendships just as she has done with her first friends made in the days when she attended public school in New York City.

When she dropped into the Bing Crosby office the other day she said as she looked over the May number of Bingang: "I'm going to cut out and put away carefully 'Aunt Ceil's Geography Lesson' on Hawaii, for there are a lot of grand facts in those two pages and I want to refer to them again."

MOONING OVER STARS

Much did I hope, but little did I dream when I left New York not quite a year ago and headed for Hollywood, the land of luminaries, that I'd see them by the handfuls; dine with them at the famous Brown Derby; tea with them at their homes; even rate a ride in their cars! But—t's true; t's true!

My article wouldn't be legal or somethin' if I didn't rave about Bing at the starting gun. But the raves are honestly true! I shan't ever forget Bing's kindness—sending me a ticket to attend his broadcast! The nicest part of it was that "Vera Van"—now a singing housewife—was guest-starring on Bing's program that night, and, quite superfluously, I'm telling you Vera's an A number One favorite of mine! 'Twas my initial peek at Bing in the flesh, 'n I was plenty thrilled . . . I've gotta confess, I sorta expected to see him spiffed up in

a Tux or what have you—but there he was, anything but, and minus a tie, too! He was right at home, even though he was broadcasting. Let's salute our star—the swell fellow!

Now, Bob Taylor seems to be another feminine heartbeat . . . and oh, boy! maybe I wasn't elated one noon-day to find myself sitting with Bob at the "Tick-tock Tea Room"! This carefree and gay young lad has pep plus . . . of course, I wasn't letting him get away from me, without having my picture taken with him—no siree! And yet, if you had told me in New York that I'd be lunching with a someone who carries fifty million fans on his trail, I'd have whispered, "Another bed-time story!"

Hollywood has plenty of little lovelies around, too—Marie Wilson is one! This little blond girl with her big brown eyes gets-yuh! Her personality is different—she's not a carbon copy! She's real . . . sincere—rare. 'T'was fun, stuffing with her in the Hollywood Brown Derby . . . afterwards, shopping for an evening gown and then a spin in her car.

Now in my opinion, Don Woods (plug, Dottie Mae?) is one of *the* nicest persons out here . . . his personality is as potent as Marie's is different . . . and from the very start, too. You no sooner press his doorbell than he rushes out, extends a warm hand, and scurries you into the living room, making you feel right at home. I've had fun with Don, with Jo, his wife, and little "Splinter", their five year old son. I've seen them many times . . . I've gone with Don to the Beverly Brown Derby—it's fun, because he introduces you to the various stars that breeze in, and tells you who's who. A very large thrill was meeting Joe E. Brown under those circumstances.

The "Palomar" is the place to see stars when their big shindigs are on. It was there that I met, or caught my first glimpse of, the following: Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, Clark Gable, Lyda Roberti, Peggy Ryan, Leo Carrillo—oh, I could go on and on! I'm afraid Cel will send me a bill for spillin' so much gab through the pages of "Bingang", but I can't sew this up until I give one more war-whoop for Bing—and for stars who, if you ask me, are pretty darned nice!

DOTTIE MAE HULSE.

BING ACTS

'T'was the night of the Kraft Music Hall, and all through Hofstetter's house, not a sound was heard but the usual amount of guffaws which happen when the Boss is broadcasting.

A soul-stirring drama; a heart-pulsing photoplay; a thrill-starting tragedy, a little vignette out of the etching of war was the climax to the usual cheese soufflé dish generously and daintily (also stationhouse) by Major Crosby, and the rest of Ye Old Contemptibles, Colonel Stander (laryngitis and all), Captain Tracy and Lieutenant Gargan, who asked more questions per square *trench* than anyone I've ever heard. Quick, Horatio; the Academy Award for the gentlemen.

Miss Connie Boswell appeared, too—with a line of chatter called "Cayun" and some singing definitely cayenne! "September in the Rain" by Miss Boswell, then the Boss j'ined in with "Basin Street Blues" whereupon the map of Memphis became forever cobalt.

Well, Bing had opened the program with "Little Hula Heaven" and Stander offered the prediction that in fifty years or so, Major Crosby will be famous for the Crosby Hushed Obligatto, whereupon Bing, overcome with confusion, floundered around, only to be jerked out of it with some cracks about those nags of his. We won't continue—only we're watching Del Mar July third!

At last Lee Tracy knows, and so do we, just what Bing means by "station-house". It's "off the elbow", "round hair-cut", "Zingy", "Icky"—thanks, Boss!

And Lee with his secret sorrow . . . doesn't like houses because of the lawn cutting involved, so he lives apartment-wise. Apartments allow no room for setters, and Lee adores setters. Bing brags about his canine which points at French pastry, amongst other things. Ken Carpenter rescues the program from the Bow-wows.

Bing refreshes the memory as to whose program it is by slinging "Never in a Million Years" dulcetly, with ye imitable Crosby nuances; ye Bingish trills. Then Bill Gargan bobs up with a long and involved tale about a wonder detective, Bill Gargan by name. We finish shadowing a coocoo twerp what packed toity grand worth of hot ice around on him with no gat except Gargan's handkerchief, then we went into the smashing business of tossing Crosby records off "Lookout Mountain", thus making them into more pieces.

1922 found everyone contributing as to their activities that year. Stander hadn't yet forgotten the dogs and claimed he was a Russian bloodhound somewhere or other. Finally Bing struggled through with "Limehouse Blues", the tune of that year. Ken jerked us from London to Cheese. Then, the awful reminder of only 217 shopping days until Christmas, and me not knowing what to buy anyone. After that, "Carelessly", groaned by the Reason for the Shouting, and Miss Boswell took over the air, as mentioned. "The Parade of the Milkbottle Tops" snuck in there, then the stage (and probably the rest of the theatre) was cleared for the drama. Bing put us all into dreamland huskily murmuring "Sweet Leilani", after which came Robin's collect telegram, and darkness in Ye Music Howl.

CHEESE-LYNNE.

KRAFT MUSIC HALL ECHOES

BY HELEN RAETHER

Easy informality pervades Studio B at Hollywood's NBC when Bing Crosby's program goes on the air. One notes it immediately upon entering the studio and of course, it can be attributed to the easy, completely unassuming manner of Herr Crosby, himself. We in the audience might all be his special guests, and his quips and sallies before the magic red light burns and the show is on the air are all the more amusing because they are apparently effortless.

We clamped our eyes on Bing as he emerged from the "wings", if broadcast stages have "wings", and took in details of his costume. He was wearing comfortable slacks and a blue denim beach coat that exactly matched his eyes. Yeh. And he joked about this and that with nice-looking Jimmy Dorsey and his band. Ken Carpenter was at hand to do the announcing.

The only moment of tenseness was just before the broadcast began, when everyone's eyes strained at the hands of the all-powerful clock. The signal—and Ken Carpenter cried, "The Kraft Music Hall, starring Bing Crosby—." We settled back in our seats with satisfaction, having the complete conviction that this would be good.

We were not disappointed. Lionel Stander was pinch-hitting for "Robin" Burns, and right nicely, too. And when he and Bing get together, the air was full of fun. Now and then Bing would guffaw in a large way at a Stander crack, and the audience would join in, voicing sheer glee.

Elissa Landi added a dramatic note to the air-show. She was wearing her hair in the new fashion—straight all around and with the ends turned under—the girls will know what I mean—and a dress of the most arresting shade of green-blue which exactly matched *her* eyes. Maybe it was a conspiracy. Elissa read some of her own poems to the soft chanting by the Taylor Choristers and later sang with them. Her tall, blonde brother sat in the front

row with his feet propped up on the platform. You see, the informality gets them all—and makes everyone like it.

The widely famed John McCormack was also a Bing-guest and it was indeed a rare privilege to hear him sing two lovely Irish tunes written especially for him by his son who lives in Ireland. The noted tenor seemed to enjoy the proceedings very much, joining in the almost constant rumble of laughter.

The hour was over all too soon. 7 o'clock. Bing threw down the last page of script, brushed his palms together, and said, "Well—that ties that one up." We filed out almost reluctantly, considerably slower than we had rushed in, still bearing grins at the thought of the perfectly grand time we had as spectators in the Kraft Music Hall.

AN OPEN LETTER

My Dear Cel:—You are just about the snazziest magazine getter-upper I've had the good fortune to run into. No kidding, *Bingang* came, we saw, and were conquered with such avid interest that Mother, unable to quell the rising tide of curiosity and fearing that her offspring might be perusing some literature not so on the up-and-up, inquired what on earth was so fascinating; my answer was to hand her the little booklet itself and her reply was to read it also from cover to cover (I even read the covers).

Bingang coming on Monday proved my second (count 'em) thrill of the week. Last Thursday (on the day of THE broadcast, too) I received a de-lovely photo from the Crosby, autographed to me, causing no little palpitation of this hardened old heart. All these years I've been trying to muster sufficient courage to write him for a photo, but I read so many items on how the fans gold-dig stars for their photograph likenesses, much to said stars' disgust (you're right there Kay) that I just couldn't bear the thought of pestering Bing, even when said pester would be accompanied by my hard-earned quarter. However, upon receiving your suggestion that I was entitled to one for membership in the Club, I lost no time in asking, and received it so quickly, it must have met itself coming back. Now my (envious) friends want to know how come I rate a special autograph, while others openly scoff at my cat-that-ate-the-canary-smile and ask me if I'm really guillible enough to believe that he wrote it—to which I, gathering 'round me all the dignity I can assume under so crushing a question, boldly state that I KNOW he did, 'CUZ I SEEN HIM WHEN HE DONE IT! In the ensuing volume of verbal "nuts" hurled at my unassuming head, I tactfully (?) turned the tide of the conversation.

I am so delighted to have found THE CLUB CROSBY for I have been admiring Bing for so long but didn't seem to be able to do anything tangible about it except spend my dimes for RADIO GUIDES that I might write his name in every possible entry on the Star of Stars poll and any other polls that may be conducted by movie magazines. Now I feel free to write to my heart's content and get a sympathetic ear from you and other Club members. My whole family is Crosby conscious, but I seem to be the only one with a chronic case of Bing-itis. I have a collection of 20 of his records and when *Bingang* came, I just played some of them while reading it, and my deah, you have no idea what a thoroughly Crosby atmosphere permeated the old homestead. It's just like getting a chocolate soda with chocolate ice-cream—ALL chocolate! Get it? (Yep, we do—sigh, sigh).

So-o-o-o-, once more, congrats on the magazine ,it's ripping.

Sincerely,

KAY JACOBS.

"WAIKIKI WEDDING"

By the time this article by "Ye Hub Scribe" reaches the eyes of all you members of the Clubbe Crosby, "Waikiki Wedding" will have been seen and enjoyed by you (for what fan would miss one of Bing's opuses?) perhaps four or five—or even twenty! times. But, according to our worthy eminent prexy, Cel, "no news about Bing is old news", and I'm inclined to agree with her.

I was delighted with the boxoffice items which I read in issues of Variety—dates March 30, April 7, April 14, and April 21. They spell another success for Bing—remember? And "Pennies from Heaven", which "Waikiki Wedding" has run right off the slate . . . was a record breaker and a grosser, too, remember? (Dear, dear!)

Here are four "Variety" excerpts which tell, better than I can, albeit, more technically—just what "Wedding" proceeded to do to the cash registers, making them sound more like the Anvil Chorus:

March 31, 1937:

Omaha, Nebraska: Twelve thousand dollars, and a record smashed.

San Francisco: Two weeks showing; netting about \$22,000. Pic. looks like tops for Crosby in this town.

Louisville: "Waikiki Wedding" gives every indication of reaching smash proportions at \$15,000. Standing the town on its ears. After playing at one theater, moved to another, where it grossed for two more weeks.

Detroit: All for Crosby. \$35,000, and three terrific weeks.

This must necessarily be cut short, but that's the story all over the country. Every theatre was jammed and every cash register box was ringing a merry tune. When the movie was moved over to other theatres, the queues of people just moved right along, and all hold-overs were insured. So there it is, fans! A real cinema triumph that Bing should be proud of. Which reminds me—all those thousands of dollars have made your Hub Reporter dizzy. So, s'long, until next time.

MARY LARSON.

WEIGHED, AND NOT FOUND WANTING

My first letter to Bing brought me a lovely eight by ten photograph and a letter, which, although it was to be expected that Bing himself didn't personally write it, indicated the extreme thoughtfulness of a popular actor who feels his fans should receive some sort of thanks for their interest.

Bing's initial success in short subjects found I'll me taking a great liking to him . . . his voice for one thing, and his swell personality for another. Soon after that first work was recognized, the radio industry grabbed him . . . for which you can't blame them. I would listen to him every week, and had faith in his becoming a screen star. May I gently ask you . . . if I was correct?

I doubt if I have missed one of his pictures, and needless to say, when Bing introduces a song, it is a "hit" . . . Just "glance back" at all of 'em which he has popularized . . . so many, that the reviewing time would run into hours, almost. When Bing would "boo-boo", all other singers would "boo-boo", too. . . . Guess I even added a few boo-boos to his song . . . I hope you-all aren't crying after these "boo-boos" . . .

Several of my friends have either met or seen Bing, and all rave about him. Of course, I have hopes of meeting him myself someday, but then, on the other hand, haven't we all????? Let's keep our fingers crossed.

In "Waikiki Wedding", Bing has once more presented to his fans a new guy . . . he makes a habit of that, it seems, and yet, fundamentally, he's always and always that same level-headed human that was so swell "way back", and who's just as swell, although more successful, now.

TERRY LIPMAN.

A BOY, A GIRL, AND A DOG

T'was a few days before Christmas,
Some five or six years back
That Santa arrived in town early
With a surprise in his pack.
T'was a boy, a girl, and a dog he had there
And treasures couldn't have received more tender care.

The boy was a stocky, blue-eyed lad
Not theatrical, not saueve, just nice.
The girl was a tiny, gold-haired lass,
Who'd make any male look twice.
The dog? You bet we wouldn't pass him up,
For he was a pedigreed toy bull pup.

In case you haven't already guessed it,
The boy I'm speaking of was Bing!
And he'd come to town to spread Christmas cheer,
By choosing a local theatre at which to sing.
His feminine companion you know, I see . . .
Yep! Mrs. Bing herself—sweet Dixie Lee.
But there were no little crooners then,
To partake of all their joys . . .
They'd just that little doggie "Snooty"
Instead of those three dandy boys.

Accompanied by his dear friend, Eddie Lang
Bing stepped out upon that stage and sang
Such tunes as "Please" and "Brother Can You Spare a Dime?"
The latter had reached the top at just about that time.
Then came "Dinah" and "Was That the Human Thing to Do?"
Followed by "Some of These Days" and "I'm Sure of Everything but You."
The last one caught my fancy, for it sure hit the spot
Enlivened by Bing's parody—so cute, so sweet; so hot.

But by now you've no doubt tired
Of listening to my reveries.
So I'll close my little workshop
And again put back the keys.
But I've so enjoyed these mem'ries
If they could but once again come true . . .
I saw Bing and Dixie once in person . . .
I'd like to once more—shouldn't you?

LOLA TREBES.

PREPARE CELL NO. 604

Movies make spaghetti outta me . . .
Hustle me ragged, until I see
Crosbys and Eddys in my sleep,
And Rathbones and Stewarts in a heap.

Movies exhaust me with their glammer . . .
My own non-lauded melladrammer
Is shoving through the screenie books,
Pulsing to preserve my puny looks.

Movies make "a nauther" outta me,
Resplendent with gluey ecstasy,
I'm liable to pen a billet-doux
Which, though fervent, is generally true.

Movies exhaust me with their stills—
Whenever an actor gives me thrills,
I tack up a picture (don't we all?)
And leave no room for myself a-tall.

MAUDE LYNNE.

LUNNON SPEAKS

As a member of the Crosby Club,
Friends, may I have a word with you.
As London is so far away,
My American friends are fine but few.

Cecilia Joseph tops them all,
I've been friends with her for quite a while
Though seas divide and we're miles apart,
To meet her once would be worthwhile.

In the interest of the Crosby Club,
I think Cel Joseph's played her part,
To make our club a great success,
She did her best right from the start.

As long as Cel is with the Club,
A song of happiness we'll sing . . .
Let's follow in the cowboy footsteps
Of our one and only BING!

LILIAN LOW.

STARSTRUCK

BY MAUDE-LYNNE

With my scissors, saw, tear, snip,
I'm going on at a splendid clip—
Saving your pictures from movie books,
Hanging them in non-tenanted nooks.
Pasting reviews by the quarter pound,
(Raves and boos spin my head around.)
Writing letters as a good fan does . . .
And liking and *liking* you because
You're a breathing ideal of what my heart
Would cherish and set somewhat apart.

Yet, should we ever chance to meet
One another along the street,
Behind smoked glasses you would stare
At your insignificant public there.
And I might not know that you were you . . .
And though I did—what could I do?
Gulp and gape, and try to say,
You're the greater part of every day?
I couldn't half explain—so much better
Just to write you another letter.

It takes a heap o' patience to be a star,
And a heap o' silence to be a fan.

QUOTES

BY THE MEMBERS

CECILIA SLANEY:—"Your club pamphlet came this morning, and I can't begin to tell you how I enjoyed it. I read it from cover to cover, and was I disappointed when I came to the end. I wish there had been pages and pages more. Each item was done so wonderfully well and I want to extend to you my heartiest congratulations as a future member and of course, your friend. I never yet read a club paper so thoroughly interesting as *Bingang*."

MARIE WILSON:—"It's a great privilege to be in Bing's club. He's such a grand singer and a good actor besides. I enjoy his pictures so much, and his radio programs are "simply swell".

CRAIG REYNOLDS:—"I was quite amazed to find another copy of "The Club Crosby" among my mail today. I hadn't quite gotten over that splendid first issue yet. How did you manage to gather so much interesting news together so quickly? Making it a "Hawaiian issue" was an excellent idea. Congratulations are in order. Needless to say, the *Bingang* can't be published too often to suit me!

HELENE SULLIVAN:—"About the latest Bingbang—or is it *Bingang*—well, whatever it is, it's certainly grand. I really can't think of words to tell you just what a clever job I think you're doing. Bing's club is taking a back seat to none.

LELIA HOFFMAN:—"Thanks again for the *Bingang*. It is as clever as it can be, and opened up worlds I never dreamed existed. (Sounds almost like a double entendre!) Thanks heapes for the *Bingang*. It was so interesting. I was simply astounded to learn how far reaching these clubs are.

ELOISE STEELE:—"My first letter and photo from a star were from Bing in March, 1933—now you know why he's such a favorite.

MARGARET CONNELL:—"The *Bingang* arrived and it's simply grand. Far better than the first issue, which was perfect.

LOUISE JOSEPHSON:—"Now that I've received your swell club news, I'm sure I shall enjoy being a member of your club.

HELEN STEVENS:—"Wow and Zowie! How do you do it? Really though, it is a marvelous piece of work. It's all so interesting and refreshingly done. Salute!

VICTOR S. GAY'LA:—"Your news is commendable and I want to congratulate you for your splendid work. It is something unique!

MINNETTE SHERMAK:—"My praise is sky-high and you deserve more than congratulations for such a splendid publication.

VICTORIA MASON:—"Just a card to say that I received the latest *Bingang* this morning—and to let you know how very pleased I am to see that you're keeping up and surpassing the very high standard set by the first issue! Congratulations. The *Bingang* is refreshingly different.

BILL NOONAN, Jr.:—"Vol 1, No. 2 is just simply "Swellegant". Can't give you or it too much praise, and I'm giving five to one that letters from "Ye Reader" section will be like the "Sound and Fury" of the March issue of "Esquire". Congratulations.

PEARL TICE:—"Your Crosby news just came and it's a honey . . . I enjoyed every word of it.

TERRY LIPMAN:—"Just to let you know what a marvelous second news you put out. Gosh! I'm honored to be in such a fine and ever-so-interesting club. Wishing it continued success.

RUTH CARTY:—"I'm stuck . . . Can't find words to express what I really think of the new *Bingang*—what'll I doooooooo? Anyway, I guess you can well imagine *what* I think about it! Congratulations, Cel . . .

MARY LARSON:—"Received the *Bingang* today. It was again just super-swellful! You certainly have something there, as Bing would say . . . in that club news, I mean. I read it from cover to cover without stopping. I laughed out loud at some of the remarks. . .

PETER BLOMESTYN:—"Your latest copy of the Bing-bang (Hey!) is great. Something we have never accomplished . . . It is by far the best thing we have seen. May I congratulate you most heartily on your excellent work.

ANN KINNEL:—"A basket of posies with compliments on the second issue of *Bingang*—a splendid version . . .

LYNNE HOFSTETTER:—"Awk. Darling, that's the most utterly utter very word I can cough out after a gasper through dat stunner, Vol Une, Number Deux. After listening to you rhapsodize and wail, giggle and wax lugubrious for weeks ere the launching, and flattering myself that I jolly well know the contents of the rag, out it comes with everything so topping, so flooring, so absolutely illigint, that I've gone ritzy on myself for being so lucky as to appear in the darling thing. Whee!

WINNIE CLERK:—Well to me, this copy of *Bingang* is even better than the last or should I say, first. Imagine having to wait for two more months for another. I am very proud to be a member of this club (we're proud to have you Win—you and your duet letters with Loretto) and I'll always be pulling for our Bing. Just had to pen you these few lines to show my appreciation of a swell job and and a swell president.

RENE DERN:—You've done it again. I didn't think it possible, but I've proof. A whole "Bing-gang" book full. Your first issue was really something, but dash it all, this one really went to town. Imagine what would happen if Bing made a picture in China. I'm enjoying the Club ever so much.

VERNE ANDRAS:—I received the second issue of the *Bingang* and what a pleasant surprise it was. I thought the first one was great—but this one has it beaten. Really, Cel, it's such a swell paper. I've read it three times. Then I pulled out the first one and read that one again. Now I can hardly wait until the next issue.

EDNA CORLETT:—Thanks a million, kid for the *Bingang* . . . I won't neglect to tell you that it's the cleverest I'll thing I've seen, yowzah! Dainty, neat, and complete describe it to a capital "T"—in other words, I could copy the title to that well-known song, "Delovely".

BILLIE KRETSCHMAR:—Gal—I know it's not proper to use red to write with, but I'm so elated over being in your club that it's sort of a red letter day to me. But list, lady, and take heed—you'd better not send me any more *Bingangs* on a Saturday. Why? Well, time stops . . . Floors which need washing go unwashed—dirty dishes remain in the sink—and I read the news from cover to cover! (Gus'll be suing someone, Billie—watch out!)

CECILE E. ST. AUBIN:—Your news came, and I saw and was conquered! And how—such a nifty, neat, compact, speedy, zippy, witty, super-elegant magazine. I really have to hand it to you and I mean YOU!

MARY LOUISE KINNEY:—Cel, where in the world did you dig up that swell editorial ability of yours? (Implying that it's rather dead and buried, Mary Lou?) You've really got something there, all right . . .

ELYNOR CAMASTRO:—Received *Bingang* No. 2, and it was grand . . . I thought the first copy was swell, but seems like No. 2 was sweller! Y'know, as soon as I got the paper I began right then and there to read it from cover to cover. Well, the entire paper was so very interesting I completely forgot a very important engagement—boy, did I have to do some explaining!

EVELYN TEDRAHN:—It was colossal! Such a grand club news I have never seen before—why it is as large and well edited as a lot of magazines. Really, I was thrilled with it. So interesting and full of humor that I've read it several times already. It was tops, indeed.

DOTTIE MAE HULSE:—*Bingang* bounced in yesterday, and I spent a most enjoyable morn digesting its contents, as I sat perched up in a hospital bed. Now lying in a hospital is anything but fun—but honestly, when you've got something like *Bingang* to make you forget your aches and pains—you even find it fun being in a hospital.

VIRGINIA HAAS:—Did I tell you what Tito (Guizar) said about your magazine? Anyways, one day in his dressing room I was showing him and Mrs. Tito some club data and among the various items was the *Bingang*. I pointed out the very nice things you had to say about him and the club, and he was greatly impressed. He remarked time and time again about the clever get-up of your paper. A "hit" he called it.

TOM DEVANE—Fawcett Publications:—I am very interested in what you say about Bing Crosby. Especially so since downstairs at Paramount Theatre, Bing's new picture, "Waikiki Wedding" is playing a second week, and the crowds are still pouring in. There's no doubt about his great popularity. I'm always happy to hear from fan club members.

LELIA HOFFMAN:—I think Bing is one of the smoothest MCs on radio—and besides, I like him personally. He never got to be so much of a "star" that he quit being "people". In other words, I can root for him wholeheartedly, whatever comes up.

VICTORIA MASON:—A theatre here (Wilmington, Delaware) is showing Bing's old, short comedies again. Saw "Blue of the Night" last week, and will see "Sing, Bing, Sing" tonight. Otherwise, I never go near that theatre at all.

MARTHA SNAPP; our "Snappy":—How long has this sort of thing been going on? I just received my copy of *Bingang* and I had no idea such fun was in circulation. It's the cutest thing I've read for a long time. I haven't seen any of the other fan magazines, but I agree with Larry; I think "*Bingang*" can hold its own with the best of them.

SONG DESCRIPTION OF THE CLUB CROSBY

B lue Hawaii (Hit from best Crosby cinema of year).

I Surrender, Dear (Dedicated to Dixie Lee Crosby).

N ever in a Million Years (could our club news be surpassed).

G one (is all formality in "*Bingang*").

S' weet is the Word for You (The petit Crosbys).

G ee, but You're Swell (The Boss).

A nd So Do I (agree with "Lol" Trebes—our Boss must be a mind reader—see No. 2 *Bingang*).

N o Other One (like "Cel").

G oodnight, My Love (Gang, my leave).

"WHEN THE BLUE OF Thursday NIGHT" comes along, IT'S JUST TOO MARVELOUS FOR WORDS" to hear Crosby "SWING HIGH, SWING LOW". That's the Kraft show in the owld Kraft Music Hall with everything "cheesey", including Burns, Dorsey ork., guest stars, and Ken Carpenter with the Krafty gleam in his eye. It's SOUTH SEA ISLAND MAGIC when the groaner groans "PENNIES FROM HEAVEN" or "BLUE HAWAII". It always puts me in a "DANCING MOOD" to hear Dorsey jam it, or Burns bazook-it. Oh, BOY! (Compliments of Martha Raye).

"ONE, TWO, BUTTON YOUR SHOE" and we'll go see "Waikiki Wedding", Mr. Crosby's latest smash (better add a hit on that smash, eh, Bing?). "IT'S DELOVELY" when that Ross "gal" and Crosby sing "SWEET IS THE WORD FOR YOU" in the moonlight. It's "LOVE IN BLOOM" at the start when Raye leaps into Burns' waiting (or is it wilting?) arms.

"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT" and "THE NIGHT IS YOUNG" so lets take in the show "Pennies from Heaven" and call it heavenly! "WHAT WILL I TELL MY HEART" rather, what will I tell my maw! when I get in? While we're at it, let's stop in the music shop and dear the latest Crosby ditties on record. (Pun?). "IT'S THE MOOD THAT I'M IN", but Crosby, hones',

I'll have a "THOUSAND DREAMS OF YOU" after that recording of "SUH-WEET LEILANI". This isn't "SEPTEMBER IN THE RAIN", but it is May, so we'd better "US ON A BUS" right now. It may be "PENNIES FROM HEAVEN" but it's rather wet.

Well, we're home, and Bing, while I'm "UNDER YOUR SPELL", I'll set the alarm on the cat, wind the light, and put out the clock—and sighingly sigh "Goodnight" from Hawvyee.

By *Snappy*.

REMINISCING

DO YOU REMEMBER?

If this heah Mr. Kraft wishes to continue selling his very excellent cheese, he should keep right on producing programs as fine as the one given on Thursday night, December third. Bing at his very best; Robin at his funniest, and, in addition, Gene Raymond mostly composer, except between songs, when the actor showed up; Alice Faye, a fine songstress, and for lovers of classical music, Gregor Piatigorsky, cellist. Taken by and at large, they made up an excellent and varied program. My favorite singer, Bing himself, was in fine voice, especially when he did "The Night is Young and You're So Beautiful" number; a luscious song. Then too, "You Turned the Tables on Me", and "Did I Remember?" sung in his very own style. The 1911 hit was "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" and the new tune "South Sea Island Magic" . . . very effective, indeed!

In addition to Bing and his singing, there was that clever Robin, and his "burzurkee" solo—heartrendingly tuneful—"You've Got to Quit Kickin' My Dog Around". Gene Raymond played his new tune on the piano—"Will You?" while Bing sang it—oh, all very smooth—then Gene crooned "All I Do is Dream of You". Alice Faye did the two hit songs from "Stowaway"—"Goodnight My Love" and "One Never Knows, Does One?"—sure fire stuff, methinks. Gregor Piatigorsky did "Valse Sentimentale" and "The Shoemaker", the former by Tschaiowsky, and the latter by Sarasote.

Jimmy Dorsey and the Swingsters frolic around in a swingy, frothy, something-or-other, and the Paul Taylor Choristers were effectively in the background of several vocal offerings. This just about rounded out the program, and when Bing closed down the lid on the ooooooolllllll d d d d d d d d Kraft Moosick Hall (Howl) that night, he ended a job well-done.

MARY LARSON.

REASONS FOR COMPLAINT

The shower *might* have been lovely,
But to me, it was a pain!
It wasn't the fact of the pouring,
But that *I* was out in the rain.

And I envied the Brown's new auto,
Though it *was* the neighbor's talk . . .
For didn't those people ride about,
While I had to wearily walk!

MUD-LYNNE.

STAR SONGS

Randy "Scott" what it takes".
Mae "West" the use?"
Irene "Dunnt mean a thing . . ."
Patric "Knowles" news is good news".
Cary "Grant" you hear me callin'?"
Nelson "Eddything goes".
Marie "Wilson-body please love me?"
Franchot "Tone"-night you belong to me".
Francis "Lederer" yourself go".
Don "Ameche" tonight in the moonlight".
Bing Cros-"byetween the Devil and the deep blue sea".

We, of the Club Crosby, could have our own Coronation, somewhat on this order: (Hold your hat; here we go:)

PARTICIPANTS:

Arch-Editor of *Bingang*, Cel Joseph—Official Crooner Crouner. (Sounds complicated, but don't let that bother you).

King Bing I, and Queen Dixie (Crownness de luxe).

Prince Gary of Wails.

Dukes Phillip and Dennis of The Crosby Order of Twins.

THE CROWN:

Our heartfelt appreciation for the many happy hours King Bing has granted us via radio and screen.

THE ROYAL ROBES:

The good wishes of the Club Crosbyites, surrounding him not only on Coronation Day, but every day.

THE SCEPTRE:

A symbol of our steadfast allegiance to a swell guy—a prince of a fella—a—oh, heck, THE BOSS, to you!

KAY JACOBS.

McINTYRE DISCOVERS GEM IN STORY OF BING CROSBY

By O. O. McINTYRE

It is an effectionate and rather touching little volume that Ted and Larry Crosby have written about their celebrated brother Bing and which they call simply "Bing". The little Harry Crosby from Spokane who became one of the foremost radio and motion picture stars and seems to be continuing the upward stride.

The story has a deal of loving sincerity and pride of family. And indeed Bing Crosby is a type that should make all, these whirling days, fee la great love for America and the Constitution under which the Bing Crosbys gain the top rung.

I recall Bing Crosby's first days in New York with Paul Whiteman's band, when he was billed as one of the Three Rhythm Boys, a wide-eyed, eager youngster with an engaging natural voice who simply loved to sing.

His musical education was all catch-can but he had melody in his heart and it bubbled out. From that \$150 a week beginning, his salary has mounted into such a bracket that today he has to give the government for taxes 73 cents of

every dollar he earns. Yet he still has enough to maintain a Spanish castle with imported tile patio and a string of horses. He has a lovely wife and three interesting children.

Crosby is one of the few performers in Hollywood whose amazing success has caused no jealousy whatever. I have never heard a sour add-up for him. He has remained more than almost anybody in his trade strictly himself.

Five years ago it was often said, not unkindly, that Crosby was entertaining as a crooner but it was a vogue that unhappily could not last. Yet it has, and each picture and each broadcast program seems to add to his professional stature.

So long as America appreciates the opportunities every boy and girl has to rise as Bing Crosby has, though he was poor and with little education, we have little to fear of the dreadful predictions from the communistic soap boxers. There are no Bing Crosbys in Germany, Italy and Spain and there is not likely to be for many generations. They can only flower in a democracy.

'HOW THE STARS LOOK TO ME'

BY THE PATHFINDER

Bing Crosby possesses in a well balanced degree the traits most commonly attributed to true blondes—zest for life, a love of laughter, gaiety and song, an active response to the stimulating excitement of crowds with their motion and color, the joy of conquest, whether a good clean fight, or a golf contest; the thrill to be found in new and strange lands or forces, an insatiable curiosity. His enthusiasm is of the contagious, unlimited, bubbling variety, and proves highly "catching".

Crosby is affable, easy going and his ways and manners are simple and direct. He hates stiffness and formality in any form. He takes few things seriously, including himself, and is thoroughly relaxed at all times; a human sort of person, free from pose and pretensions. He hates restraints other than those self imposed, and rooted in fair play and plain common sense. He is not inclined to be overly critical, or analytical, and takes things pretty much as he finds them.

He is not what you would call a methodical or orderly person. He is erratic, but not eccentric. He is impulsive, even impetuous, likes to do things on the spur of the moment—and hates to make elaborate long drawn out plans. Details give him a case of the jitters, so he generally delegates small matters to others. Tradition means nothing to him. Just because things have always been done a certain way is no reason for his doing them that way. Counterbalancing his "hit or miss" methods, he possesses a large order of plain garden variety of horse sense which keeps him from straying from the well travelled thoroughfares of custom.

Bing Crosby's eyes reveal his gift for expression in words. He is also endowed with the ability to think on his feet. This gift for words, plus a well developed sense of humor add up to the swift repartee for which he is famous.

This and the knack of understanding others and putting them at their ease makes him a perfect master of ceremonies. He is a good mixer, and at home any place.

The singer will continue to deserve the popularity of his screen audience as long as he remains completely and entirely himself—the original crooning Crosby.

Ye Club Lackey was busy all this time scurrying to complete our newest feminine member's quarters . . . Little Marie Wilson, completely gone on pink draws the rose-covered cottage across the street from the *Bing* offices where we can watch our golden-haired Lorelei braiding those amazing lashes. The sun always shines around Marie, so right this way for a sun-tan, folks!

THINGS AND STUFF CROSBY

JAMES S. POOLER SEZ:

A doom on the fashions of Hollywood!

Anathema on the furbelows and frills of the lovely ladies of the screen!

It is time the men of this country sounded the clarion call against the fashion menace of the West Coast. Once it was Paris toward which men glared. Now it's about face and turn your scorn on Hollywood.

Clothes! Chic! Semi-formal! Tulle! Furbelows and tatting!

Let's all go over in this corner and scream.

Let's take hats for instance. There's a fine lad after your own hearts who follows the dictates of his reason when it comes to hats. Bing Crosby! That's our man for hats.

Now Bing knows a good hat. Once he's got it, he isn't going to betray an old hat. He hangs on to it, or maybe it just hangs on him.

There's a nonchalance and a what-ho to the hats of Crosby with their dainty fray at the edges and the lining hanging becomingly. They look like the kind of hat a bird would like tonest in.

Now just to even things up with the gals, let's all follow the Crosby vogue in hats. None of these nicely-blocked, squarish new ones. We'll look up that old beaver one we fancied back in the squirrel-hunting days and make them like it.

Why can't Crosby dictate *our* styles as well as Francis can the women's?

HARRISON CARROLL:

Bing Crosby is one Hollywood actor who doesn't have to worry about posterity. In the year 8114, he is going to croon again.

This is no gag, nor will it be a case of reincarnation.

Word was received by the star that a phonograph record of his voice is going to be among the articles buried in a crypt dug in the granite bed-rock of the Appalachian mountains.

ROBERT ERNEST, newspaper critic, chooses Bing among his ten best actors of 1936.

ANOTHER CRITIC:

A crooner whose lazy, caressin' voice is merely a swell reflection of his own amiable personality. Romance clad in old sweaters and floppy pants. But when he turns on the heat, a mug(gee!) who can take the play away from the Don Juans.

A young western rancher come to town to play golf and drink a few beers with the Gang at Lakeside (but now it's Del Mar). Too smart for the wise guys who manipulate the ponies, he buys, breeds and bets on his own ponies.

No ladies' man is he, except for a brown-haired honey he calls Dixie. No swanky parties, no night clubs, no high, wide and fancy steppin'!

Strictly a family man (recently voted "Hollywood's Typical Father") and a man's man. That's Bing!

No doubt by now you all know who John Scott Trotter is, if not, let me tell you. Those of you who are faithful to the Hall will stand up and say, "He's the new orchestra leader on the Kraft program". And right you are!

Trotter did the arrangements for the music of "Pennies From Heaven", and the two swell records by Bing, "I've So Little to Give" and "I Never Realized". He was brought out to California after such fine demonstration and organized a band. The boys are still new to the "mike" but they'll capture the technique

in short time. It is anticipated that the boys are heading for big stuff, but right now a little fan mail in their support to Kraft wouldn't be amiss. I'm expecting all of you to write a letter to Kraft and boost these lads. Don't forget to let me know if you do.

While we're in the boosting mood we might just as well put in a plug for Bing's cuddly leading lady, Mary Carlisle, who shares honors with Bing again in "Double or Nothing". Write her at Paramount.

MORE QUOTES

LEE DIXON, upon receiving first issue of *Bingang*:

Hello, Cel: All I have left to say is "I'll be doggoned!" I knew Bing was definitely, deservedly popular with anybody able to *hear*, but to know that any man can have far-off friends that love him enough to display it in the grand style you folks have, makes a lad that's starting want to try and try to succeed more than ever. Indications of loyalty that you have just exhibited make this movie racket seem ever so much more worthwhile.

One thing more—you couldn't find a "worthier" reason for enthusiasm than ol' Bingeroo. I haven't had the pleasure of meeting him but when reports from his fellow workers are 100 per cent unanimously "Tops", he must be an O.K. guy.

DAVID NIVEN:

I have always been a great admirer of Bing's work and am glad of this opportunity to add my applause to the rest of the Club Members' handclaps.

Bing is a great artist and a grand friend, and I am sure he never told you, but he is also, by far, the most popular member of the movie colony.

So, from this land of "Big Noises" I send you all greetings and the very best wishes from a very "small squeak"!

(Whaddaya say we give these two swell members the good old skyrocket cheer, eh, Gang?)

JIMMIE FIDLER:

The second issue of *Bingang* blew into my office this morning and I'm happy to say that I enjoyed it just as much as the first—which is no light praise.

Keep on ripping it off—the stuff is *good*.

(And we can say the same thing about your radio programs, Jimmie, plus the articles you run up now and then.)

JOAN CRAWFORD and FRANCHOT TONE:

Thank you for the grand welcome into the Crosby Club. We are both happy to be members of such an interesting organization, and we congratulate you on the first publication of your club paper. It is very handsome and your selections are perfect. Good luck to all of you.

MARTHA RAYE:

Thank you for sending the copy of *Bingang* on to me. It looks very interesting, and I am sure that when we have finished working on "Mountain Music" I shall enjoy reading it. Best wishes to you all.

(And don't forget Martha in "Double or Nothing"—as if you could!)

MARY ROGOTS:

I thought you would like to know that 1500 students of East High School for the past two years have chosen Bing Crosby as the best singer.

LOUISE THOMPSON:

Your latest *Bingang* was a perfect example of what all fan club papers should be like but so frequently aren't. In other words, it was swell! And

did I ever tell you that I saw Bing and Dixie at the Brown Derby not long ago? It was a great thrill, believe me.

ERROL FLYNN:

I received your Bing Crosby News and enjoyed reading it very much. It was very well edited, and I want to thank you for sending it to me. I consider it a privilege and an honor to be a member of the club.

MARIE WILSON:

Just read *Bingang* and I want to say you've got something there and it's somethink *swell*! I enjoyed every paragraph of it.

JEAN HARLOW:

Thank you very much for the February-March issue of the "Club Crosby". This number is particularly interesting and you should certainly be proud of its arrangement. Thanks, also, for sending me the April-May issue of the *Bingang*. It is a very interesting number and the set-up is in particularly good form.

All good wishes for continued success to Bing Crosby and you and the Fan Club.

LEILIA HOFFMAN:

If it isn't too late to enthuse a little more I would like to say that the *Bingang* is extraordinarily *swasty* (we like that word) (like Bing.) I particularly like the Behind the Scenes article, "Hullaho" and the "Joggerfy" lesson. You certainly do research deep. I was not only impressed by your erudition but by your extreme courage in attacking such words as *ilili* and *uiliuli*, etc., etc., As Bing says, it is beyond question the BEST and I say the Work of Experts. (Now you've got us blushing again.)

(Cohorts, I would like to say that henceforth we shall have a "Doins of the Members" column with every issue. Right now everybody seems to be doing the same thing, so we thought we'd just let 'em *be* till we get some *real* dope on what goes on.)

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.:

Your request that I give my impressions of Bing Crosby is here-by being carried out with the greatest of pleasure.

Bing has been a friend of mine for many years, and I have seen his rise to fame, so that it would be impossible for me to have anything but the highest admiration for him.

Being on his programs was a delightful experience, and I am eagerly looking forward to my next appearance on the air with him.

(Our impressions of Doug:—First-rate. The mere fact of his spending many months (too many) abroad, mainly in England, and then showing up with nary a trace of English accent in his speech indicates that "Doug" is regular. He makes those satellites who have never sniffed Britain yet, talk with their London a foot thick sound rather foolish. In the meantime, don't skip "Prisoner of Zenda.")

MISCHA AUER:

"First, thank you for your interest in my work. Your magazine is the tops. In fact, the best one I have seen.

As to Bing. Well, I am an admirer and fan from the "Rhythm Boy" days. Hope no one ever lets *him* "feenish".

(Triumph note:—Mischa Auer has been getting the magazine publicity he deserves, so that we all know "about him". Needless to say, anyone with a sense of humor, at least, with a sense of justice! would rate Mischa among the Ace Comedians of Hollywood. He doesn't know it yet, but we'll be begging an article from him, someday—watch for it!)